THE DRAMA;

OR,

THEATRICAL

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MISS COPELAND.

"But see where sprightly Copeland now appears,
Happy alike in person and in years:
Pleasing, though pert; familiar, though polite;
Nervous, though free; and spirited, tho' light.
As long as ease, vivacity, and fire,
Can find a cheerful audience to admire,
With just regard her talents it will rate,
Strong, if not fine; and various tho' great.

This interesting actress is like those amiable domestic women, whose characters are soon described, because their duties are at once confined, simple, and performed with simplicity. She is one of those performers, who turn criticism into mere feeling, and of whose unobtrusive beauties, twenty writers would say the same thing without being critics at all. It is an amiable solecism in our nature, that to

admire what courts our admiration, is absolutely a labour, while to search for beauties, and to be pleased with them, even when they seem *unwilling* to be admired, is one of the most complacent of enjoyments.

Miss COPELAND is neither a *great tragedian*, nor a *great comedian*, and indeed she attempts to neither. Her *genius* is entirely feminine, for actresses, like queens, lose something of the woman, in proportion as they exhibit the powers of command, and the more vigorous acquirements. Assassinations and bloodshed are as little conducive to female delicacy of effect on the stage, as they were in real life with CHRISTINA of Sweden, or CATHARINE of Russia.

Love, sprightly in comedy, profound in tragedy, and delicate in every thing is the peculiar talent of this charming actress, and her embodyment of these kind of characters is always with the precision of nature and truth. There is a rich enthusiasm mingled at times with a wayward melancholy in her pathetic delineations that clings to the heart, nor leaves it till it throbs with feeling and pity, while her comic efforts are full of the happiest contrast of broad humour, with beautiful and finished mirth.

Her first appearance on the stage was made, (we believe) at the Hay-market, where perhaps many of our readers may recollect her some five or six years since, and where she played extremely well the *Page*, in the "*Follies of a Day.*" On the boards of the Olympic, (to which theatre her next engagement led her) we witnessed her improving ability with much pleasure. Here she played a variety of characters—in "*Rochester*,"—"*Giovanni in London*," &c. in the whole of which she met with decided success, and was considered a most valuable acquisition. From thence she was secured by Mr. DIBDIN, the excellent manager of the Surrey, where she made her *debût* in the difficult character of *Madge Wildfire*, in that truly admirable production, "*The Heart of Mid Lothian*," a character in which Mrs. EGERTON gained such universal admiration, that it absolutely seemed a bold and desperate attempt to personate the part after so able a representative. Notwithstanding, Miss COPELAND met with general and deserved approbation —for we must confess that her delineation of the character was very happy, and marked with finished and original

thinking; her's was not a mere outline of a picture, but she infused into her performance those fine tints that lifted it to perfection. Grief was shewn by other signs, than by tears, sighs, and groans; the inward workings and fearful apathies were faithfully described; the agonies of silent suffering were most truly told; and the breaking heart and troubled mind were delicately and correctly depicted. The scene where she mourns over the grave of her child, was truly heart-rending, and that where she died away in the arms of *Robertson* after forgiving him the cruelties he had been guilty of towards her, was so truly overpowering, that even we "*albeit unused to the melting mood*," could scarcely restrain our emotions. In fact, her performance of this part fully proves the truth of our former assertion respecting her pathetic delineations.

In whatever character Miss COPELAND appears, she is always involved in the business of the scene. As a singer, we certainly think her excellent; her voice, though not very powerful, is nevertheless full of melody, and puts us in mind of those delicate sounds sung by an *Ariel*. To her may be ascribed a great portion of the success, which has of late attended the Surrey theatre, and we cannot but acknowledge that we were somewhat sorry when she left her old quarters. However, her engagement at Drury Lane, appears to have had a most beneficial effect, as her fame is now completely established—and when she performs, the results are as lucrative to the treasury, as they are delightful to her admirers and herself.

At Drury Lane, she appears to be always placed in parts which are perfectly suitable to her powers—the consequence is, that she considers herself perfectly "*At home*," and plays with that excellence and spirit she is so capable of infusing into a line of characters, in some instances, most extensive. What can possibly be more delightful than her personation of the poor "*Victim of Seduction;*"—*Adeline.*—*Jessy Oatland*, in "*A Cure for the Heart Ache;*" —*Fanny*, in "*Maid or Wife?*"—*Cicely Homespun*, in the "*Heir at Law*," &c. On her performance of the latter character, a diurnal critic has the following excellent remarks:—"Miss C. has been so often commended for the genuine spirit of frank, simple, and confiding affection of

her rustic heroines, that it is only an offence of tautology to praise her. The part of *Cicely Homespun* is, however, a wonderfully fine vehicle for the current of such a humour. The author seems to have had little in view beyond soothing the self-complacency of human nature, by presenting a set of accidents and characters best suited to his indirect flattery. Miss C. has no difficulty in her way—she has only to deliver the dialogue, and she becomes an enamoured, lovely, and inexpert practitioner of the most liberal virtues. Yet it is but fair to say how perfectly she seems to abandon the scruples and suspicions of a maid tried in the furnace of experience, and how pleasantly she takes up the wild and luxuriant impulses of pure and youthful passion. She defines her character with a just and beautiful determination, awakening momentory doubts of her success, and satisfying them without satiety of expression."

To conclude these brief remarks, (although we could have said much more in praise of Miss COPELAND) the public must see her to acknowledge the many striking proofs of her genius; she is an actress that is sure to attract and delight the audience, and is a great acquisition to that stage on which we trust to see her rise to the summit of her profession.

FLORES HISTRIONICI.

No. II.

BY THOMAS HALL, ESQ.

THE SISTERS.

SCENE.—*The depths of a Forest.*

Enter VIOLA *and* MARCIA.

Vio. Why did you lead me to this frightful place?
Dear sister, say—a dreary solitude
Which might suit well the dark affairs of death.
Mar. A little farther sister—soon shall we

Be at our journey's end—here halt awhile—
Look from the brow of this commanding steep—
Look down, I say—seest thou amid the dell
O'ergrown with briars and rank twining weeds?
Seest thou yon lonely stream which glides along
Deep in the shadow of the darksome wood,
Breaking the silence with its murmurings?
And mark you there—that solitary elm
Blasted by lightning—where a raven sits
Gnawing a half decay'd and loathsome corse—
Is't not a hideous sight?

Vio. It is, indeed.

Mar. That man, sweet sister, was a murderer.
See how his flesh hath melted in the sun,
And the foul birds of air have made a banquet
Upon that frame, which once conceal'd a soul
Pregnant with vengeance—and the heaven's blue fires
Indignant at the crime, have struck the tree
Whereon now hangs the wretch.

Vio. Oh! turn away,
My brain grows dizzy—let us now retreat
From this sad spectacle of horror.

Mar. Stay.
I would engage your thoughts still farther—look
Where the moon's rays flit on the jetting rock,
Verging aneath us—'tis a dreadful sight
To gaze from thence into the eddying brook
Which it o'erhangs—there have I often crept,
And clinging to the side by some old root,
Have view'd with fear the yawning gulph beneath,
Until my heart was sicken'd with the sound
Of rushing waters, and my senses reel'd.
All seem'd around in motion, and the crag
Whereon I stood, whirl'd shelving from the side,
Threatening to whelm me in the deep abyss
Which frown'd beneath it. From that very cliff,
A love-sick maid leap't like the Lesbian dame,
And plunged herself into eternal night,
Driven to despair by unrequited love.

Vio. But, sister, this is idle talk—consider that
Our walk has been full long, and we have stray'd

So deep into the bosom of the wood,
That we shall find it difficult to gain
Our way into the castle.
Mar. Stay awhile,
Good sister, be not hasty—do you not
Reflect that every inlet of the forest,
And every winding path, is known to me?
I am a lover of the solitary,
And nature's grand sublime affords more bliss
To me, than mirth, and song, and revelry.
And the low murmurs of the distant brook,
The balm of thousand wild flow'rs borne upon
The fragrant wings of Zephyr, fill my soul
With thoughts more pleasing than the vasty hall,
Where beauties numberless are crowded; and
The eye delighted roams o'er gaudy sights,
And music sounds from every bright recess,
While splendour floats in all her majesty—
But these soon disappear, and like a dream
Painted by fancy, *soon soon* melt away.
Vio. Marcia, you are not happy, else these sights
Would fill your soul with awe—the great supreme
Ordain'd, that this terrific image
Should move the human frame to holy fear
And reverence.
Mar. I am not happy, Viola;
A secret grief assails my maiden heart—
A hidden pang torments my troubled soul,
Nor lets me rest.
Vio. Have not I ever been
A faithful sister, Marcia? Oh! why then
Conceal it from me thus—why steel thy breast
'Gainst pity's soft relief, the soothing balm
Of friendship's hand? Oh! tell me all,
Nor fear to trust thy secret to a mind,
Which loves thee well.
Mar. No, sister, no—I'll ne'er
Divulge the cause of my distress.
Vio. Why not?
Thou fearest, then, that Viola would prove
Inconstant to thee.

Mar. No, on my life
I fear it not—yet never will disclose
My folly to the world—but silently
Will pine away, and mingle with the earth,
And rest in peace. No more will I behold
This soothing scene, or listen to the notes
(Alas now vain) of all yon feather'd tribe.
Farewell, ye woods—ye blooming trees, farewell—
And all ye flow'rs, that deck'd with verdant charms
Our velvet path—the loudly flowing stream,
Along whose banks I've wander'd far and oft
In pleasing phrenzy lost—where my fond heart
Beguiled by nature's grand sublimity,
Has dropp'd its heavy load of anxious care,
Insensible to grief—but soon, alas!
The sad reality return'd, and fill'd my breast
With keenest pangs.

Vio. Oh! Marcia, talk not thus.
Though younger than my sister, yet I feel
An equal love for her solicitude
And deep anxiety. I've long observed
Thy fading cheek, which indicates too true
An anguish'd mind. Confide in me—and here,
When unobserv'd, pour forth thy bursting soul,
With confidence in me, and soon again,
Should happiness re-kindle in that face,
Grown o'er with grief, a vivifying spark,
A flame of joy, which shall illume once more,
And light it with felicity—speak.

Mar. Never—it must not be. What would mankind
Think of such maiden fondness.

Vio. Nay, Marcia—
Say not *mankind*, 'tis *I*, as 'twere the half
Of your own soul.

Mar. My sister would not love
Methinks to hear my story—you'd ne'er mind
Such lovesick folly.

Vio. What! are you in *love?*

Mar. I am, indeed. Since you have urg'd me so,
I will confess to you—I am in love.

Vio. With whom?

Mar. Count Claudio.
Vio. Count Claudio?
Impossible! you but sport with me, dear,
It cannot be so.
Mar. But yet it is—and I
Have sworn by all that's sacred, to endure
No rival in my heart, to have his love
Entire, unmingled, or to——
Vio. What sayest thou?
What means all this! Dear sister Marcia,
Oh! speak not thus, but calm your troubled mind,
And then——
Mar. Then what? I am infuriate—
Love conquers all, it even conquers *love*
And sisterly affection. I have sworn
To sacrifice whoe'ershall stand between
Count Claudio and me.
Vio. What! would you slay
Your only sister?
Mar. Yes—I am resolved,
Count Claudio must be mine, and mine alone.
Thus have I sworn—my soul inflamed
To madness.
Vio. Oh! cease, sister cease; no more.
I'll love thee, serve thee—but, oh! talk not thus,
You agonize my mind?
Mar. Yield Claudio up,
I beg no more, nor will be satisfied
With ought inferior—dost thou agree?
Oh! speak and satisfy me instantly,
Or seal thy doom.
Vio. Dear sister, aught but this.
Ask aught beside, whatever it may be,
And Viola will do it.
Mar. 'Tis enough,
My soul boils forth with rage—I can no more—
My mind is fix'd.—Oh! why do I delay,
To end these dreadful horrors, and become
His only bride.
Vio. Oh! dearest sister—spare,
Oh spare my life.

Mar. Ask mercy of the Arab,
When fierce he spurs his steed against the foe,
Burning with vengeance. Mercy, I know not—
Revenge has gulph'd it up.—Die, maiden, die!
Tis well—she falls—and dies.
Vio. Oh! Marcia, oh!
This was a cruel deed—yet I—oh I—I—
Forgive and pardon you—farewell. *(Dies.)*

Manchester, April 2, 1822.

LAMENESS OF SHAKSPEARE.

Mr. Drama,

Tradition has brought down, (as I said in a former letter) to our day, so few facts, relating to him, who "wrote for all time," and so little is known of him, notwithstanding the grubbing research made into his history, that any new light thrown on him personally, will doubtless gratify as much as it will surprize. The above novel fact is derived from internal evidence, i. e. the best, for it is from himself.

That he *was lame*, we cannot doubt, after a perusal of the following passages in his sonnets;—

"So then I am not LAME, poor, nor despis'd,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give;
That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,
And by a part of all thy glory live." Sonnet 37.

Again in Sonnet 88—

"Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence;
Speak of my LAMENESS, and I strait will halt
Against thy reasons making no defence."

Shakspeare's is a sacred name, and this evidence with regard to him, may be believed with gravity, which, with many other poet's I could name, would certainly not meet the same fate—I allude to the evidence of lameness detected in their sonnets!

I am, yours, &c.

London, Feb. 19, 1822. Philo Kean.

SHAKSPERIANA.

No. IX.

Being a Selection of Anecdotes, Fragments, and Remarks relating to SHAKSPEARE—*with critiques and observations on his Dramatic powers and compositions, original and select.*

BY G. CREED.

"In the first seat, in robe of various dyes,
A noble wildness flashing from his eyes,
Sat SHAKSPEARE. In one hand a wand he bore,
For mighty wonders fam'd in days of yore;
The other held a globe, which to his will
Obedient turn'd, and own'd the master's skill:
Things of the noblest kind his genius drew,
And look'd through nature at a single view:
A loose he gave to his unbounded soul,
And taught new lands to rise, new seas to roll;
Call'd into being scenes unknown before,
And, passing nature's bounds, was something more."

CHURCHILL.

SHAKSPEARE'S WILL.

From the Original in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury.

Vicesimo quinto die Martii(1) *Anno Regni Domini Nostri* JACOBI *nunc Regis Angliæ, &c. decimo quarto, et Scotiæ, quadragesimo nono. Anno Domini* 1616.

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN. I WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the County of Warwick, gent.,

(1) Our poet's will appears to have been drawn up in *February*, though not executed till the following month, for *February* was first written, and afterwards struck out, and *March* written over it.

in perfect health and memory, (GOD be praised!) do make and ordain this my last will and testament in manner and form following; that is to say:—

First, I commend my soul into the hands of GOD my Creator, hoping and assuredly believing, through the only merits of JESUS CHRIST my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting; and my body to the earth whereof it is made.

Item. I give and bequeath unto my daughter JUDITH, one hundred and fifty pounds of lawful English money, to be paid unto her in manner and form following; that is to say, one hundred pounds in discharge of her marriage portion within one year after my decease, with consideration, after the rate of two shillings in the pound, for so long time as the same shall be unpaid unto her after my decease; and the fifty pounds residue thereof upon her surrendering of, or giving of such sufficient security as the overseers of this my will shall like of, to surrender or grant, all her estate and right that shall descend or come unto her after my decease, or that she now hath, of, in, or to, one copyhold tenement, with the appurtenances lying and being in Stratford upon-Avon aforesaid, in the said county of Warwick, being parcel or holden of the Manor of Rowington, unto my daughter SUSANNAH HALL, and her heirs for ever.

Item. I give and bequeath unto my said daughter JUDITH, one hundred and fifty pounds more, if she, or any issue of her body, be living at the end of three years next ensuing the day of the date of this my will, during which time my executors to pay her consideration from my decease according to the rate aforesaid: and if she die within the said term without issue of her body, then my will is, and I do give and bequeath one hundred pounds thereof to my niece ELIZABETH HALL,(1) and the fifty pounds to be set forth by my executors during the life of my sister JOAN HART, and the use and profit thereof coming, shall be paid to my

(1) ELIZABETH HALL was the poet's *grand-daughter*. So in "*Othello*," Act I, Scene I, *Iago* says to *Brabantio*, "You'll have your *nephews* nigh to you," meaning his *grand-children*.

said sister JOAN, and after her decease the said fifty pounds shall remain amongst the children of my said sister, equally to be divided amongst them; but if my said daughter JUDITH be living at the end of the said three years, or any issue of her body, then my will is, and so I devise and bequeath the said one hundred and fifty pounds to be set out by my executors and overseers, for the best benefit of her and her issue, and the stock not to be paid unto her so long as she shall be unmarried and covert baron; but my will is, that she shall have the consideration yearly paid unto her during her life, and after her decease the said stock and consideration to be paid to her children, if she have any, and if not, to her executors or assigns, she living the said term after my decease; provided, that if such husband as she shall at the end of the said three years be married unto, or at any [time] after, do sufficiently assure unto her, and the issue of her body, lands answerable to the portion by this my will given unto her, and to be adjudged so by my executors and overseers, then my will is, that the said hundred and fifty pounds shall be paid to such husband as shall make such assurance, to his own use.

Item. I give and bequeath unto my said sister JOAN, twenty pounds, and all my wearing apparel, to be paid and delivered within one year after my decease; and I do will and devise unto her the house, with the appurtenances, in Stratford, wherein she dwelleth, for her natural life, under the yearly rent of twelve-pence.

Item. I give and bequeath unto her three sons, WILLIAM HART,——— HART, (1) and MICHAEL HART, five pounds a-piece, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item. I give and bequeath unto the said ELIZABETH HALL, all my plate, (except my broad silver and gilt bowl) (2) that I now have at the date of this my will.

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(1) Mr. MALONE observes, "it is singular that neither SHAKSPEARE nor any of his family should have recollected the christian name of his nephew, who was born at Stratford but eleven years before the making of his will. His christian name was THOMAS, and he was baptized in that town, July 24, 1605."

(2) This "*bowl*," as we afterwards find, our poet be-

Item. I give and bequeath unto the poor of Stratford aforesaid, ten pounds; to Mr. THOMAS COMBE,(1) my sword; to THOMAS RUSSELL, Esq., five pounds; and to FRANCIS COLLINS, of the borough of Warwick, in the county of Warwick, gent., thirteen pounds, six shillings, and eight-pence, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item. I give and bequeath to HAMLET, [*Hamnet*] SADLER,(2) twenty-six shillings and eight-pence to buy him a ring; to WILLIAM REYNOLDS, gent., twenty-six shillings and eight-pence to buy a ring; to my godson, WILLIAM WALKER, twenty-shillings in gold; to ANTHONY NASH, gent., twenty-six shillings and eight-pence; and to Mr. JOHN NASH, twenty-six shillings and eight-pence; and to my fellows, JOHN HEMYNGE, RICHARD BURBAGE, and HENRY CUNDELL,(3) twenty-six shillings and eight-pence a-piece to buy them rings.

Item. I give, will, bequeath, and devise, unto my daughter SUSANNAH HALL, for better enabling of her to perform

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queathed to his daughter JUDITH. Instead of *bowl*, Mr. THEOBALD, and all subsequent editors have here printed *boxes*. MALONE.

Mr. MALONE meant—*boxes*; but he has charged us all with having printed ho*xes*, which we most certainly have not printed. STEEVENS.

(1) This gentleman by his will, made June 20, 1656, directed his executors to convert all his personal property into money, and to lay it out in the purchase of lands, to be settled on WILLIAM COMBE, eldest son of JOHN COMBE, of Allchurch, in the county of Worcester, and his heirs male; remainder to his two brothers successively. Where, therefore our poet's sword has wandered, I have not been able to discover. MALONE.

(2) This gentleman was godfather to SHAKSPEARE's only son, who was called after him. His wife, JUDITH SADLER, stood godmother to the poet's youngest daughter.

(3) These our poets "*fellows*" did not very long survive him. BURBAGE died March 1619; CUNDELL, Dec. 1627, and HEMYNGE, in Oct. 1630.

this my will, and towards the performance thereof, all that capital messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances in Stratford, aforesaid, called the New Place, wherein I now dwell, and two messuages or tenements, with the appurtenances, situate lying and being in Henley-street, within the borough of Stratford aforesaid; and all my barns, stables, orchards, gardens, lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever, situate, lying, and being, or to be had, received, perceived,(1) or taken, within the towns, hamlets, villages, fields, and grounds of Stratford-upon-Avon, Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe, or in any of them in the said county of Warwick; and also all that messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, wherein one JOHN ROBINSON dwelleth, situate, lying, and being, in the Blackfriars, in London, near the Wardrobe; and all other my lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever; to have and to hold all and singular the said premises, with their appurtenances, unto the said SUSANNAH HALL, for and during the term of her natural life; and after her decease, to the first son of her body, lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said first son, lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue to the second son of her body, lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said second son, lawfully issuing; and for default of such heirs, to the third son of the body of the said SUSANNAH, lawfully issuing; and to the heirs male of the body of the said third son, lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, the same so to be and remain to the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons of her body, lawfully issuing, one after another; and to the heirs males of the bodies of the said fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons, lawfully issuing, in such manner as it is before limited to be and remain to the first, second, and third sons of her body, and to their heirs males; and for default of such issue, the said premises to be and remain to my said niece HALL, and the heirs males of her body, lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue,

(1) Instead of these words, we have hitherto had in all the printed copies of this will, *reserved, preserved.*"

MALONE.

to my daughter JUDITH, and the heirs males of her body, lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the right heirs of me, the said WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, for ever.

Item. I give unto my wife my second best bed, with the furniture.(1)

Item. I give and bequeath to my said daughter JUDITH, my broad silver gilt bowl. All the rest of my goods, chattels, leases, plate, jewels, and household stuff whatsoever, after my debts and legacies paid, and my funeral expenses discharged, I give and bequeath to my son-in-law, JOHN HALL, gent., and my daughter SUSANNAH, his wife, whom I ordain and make executors of this my last will and testament. And I do entreat and appoint the said THOMAS RUSSELL, Esq. and FRANCIS COLLINS, gent., to be overseers hereof. And I do revoke all former wills, and publish this to be my last will and testament. In witness whereof, I have hereunto put my hand, the day and year first above written.

By me,(2) WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

Witnets to the publishing hereof,

FRANCIS COLLINS, JOHN ROBINSON,
JULIUS SHAW, HAMNET SADLER,
ROBERT WHATTCOTT.

Probatum fuit testamentum suprascriptum apud London

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(1) Thus SHAKSPEARE'S original will. Mr. THEOBALD, and other modern editors have been more bountiful to Mrs. SHAKSPEARE, having printed instead of these words "—my *brown* best bed, with the furniture."

It appears in the original will, that he had *forgot his wife*; this legacy to her being expressed by an interlineation as well as those to HEMYNGE, CUNDELL, and BURBAGE.

(2) "*By me.*"—This was the mode of our poet's time. Thus the register of Stratford is signed at the bottom of each page, in the year 1616, "*Per me*, RICHARD WATTS, Minister.

These concluding words have hitherto been inaccurately exhibited thus: "—*the day and year first above written by me*, WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE." Neither the day, nor year, nor any preceding part of this will was written by our poet. "*By me, &c.*" only means—*The above is the will of me*, WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

coram Magistro WILLIAM BYRDE, *Legum Doctore, &c. vicesimo secundo die mensis Junii, Anno Domini* 1616; *juramento* JOHANNIS HALL, *unius, ex. cui, &c. de bene, &c. jurat. reservata potestate, &c.* SUSANNÆ HALL, *alt. ex. &c. eam cum venerit, &c. petitur, &c.*

THE DRAMATIC SKETCHER.

No. VIII.

BEAUMONT AND MANUEL.

A Scene from a M.S. Drama, in Three Acts.

BY J. W. DALBY.

SCENE.—*An Apartment in Beaumont's house.*

BEAUMONT, *(solus.)*

Well, let the splenetic, the cold, the dull,
The misanthropical, the melancholy,
Prate of the darkness of man's destiny;—
Let him with pleasure satiated, or
Him whom some partial disappointments vex,
Talk of our being's utter wretchedness—
I'll cry up no such cant;—the icy pangs,
Heavy and harsh, that lie upon my heart,
Are of my own creating; and all men
Can make or unmake their own happiness.
On virtue, or on vice, our bliss or bane
Mainly depends; I feel the high truth *here*—
Here in my heart.—While yet unstain'd by crime,
I was unhurt by sorrow;—but my deed
Of evil hath brought with it poignant thoughts
And dark forebodings. Never, till of late,
Knew I of sleepless nights and fearful days.
Never, just heaven! never until now,
Knew I of aught but that calm happiness
That fills the bosoms of the just and good.

Yet I deserve the penance, nor will stoop
Feebly to grieve about it, while the crime
That call'd it forth, doth still enthral my soul.
I cannot leave—I cannot cease to love her.
I cannot force my captive soul to shun
Its all-subduing mistress; I have twined
My being, and my being's bliss with her's,
And parting were to me an instant death!
I could not live, depriv'd of all that forms
My soul's vitality—and yet, God knows
I feel the horror of the sin that bends
My better reason 'neath its lovely sway—
Aye, lovely, altho' wicked.

Enter FRANCIS.

Francis. Manuel
Is here sir; will you see him?
Beau. It were best,
Lest the denial wake suspicion. Now
For a dread ordeal!

Enter MANUEL.

Man. Why, Beaumont, there
Is as much ceremony used to gain
Admission here, as if you were a king,
Surrounded by the shrouding forms of state.
Beau. It is my servant's folly, Manuel
Is ever welcome here; but you'll agree,
That it is prodigal waste, to squander time
On every dull and listless applicant:
For my own part, in sooth, I cannot bear
To be entirely at the mercy of
Those dull eternal babblers—those vain fools,
Frail flies of fashionable leisure, who
Will buz about one, till the wearied mind
Sickens of their unmeaning endless drone.
Man. I cannot blame you—tho' I hardly know
Whether my converse may on this occasion,
Be pleasanter than theirs; for I am come
Merely to while away a heavy hour,

And try to cheer my sinking mind, round which
Something of sorrow hangs.
Beau. Dear friend, what sorrow?
Man. What may have caus'd my grief, I cannot guess,
Nor is the pang itself definable;—
It is a darkening of the spirit, which
Shadows my heart awhile.
Beau. Away with it!—
Mix with gay friends—circle the sparkling bowl,
'Mid wit as sparkling—visit pleasure's halls,
And bid her laughing train attend your path.
Man. Beaumont, you know these are no joys for me.
Beau. You are too fond of seeking misery out—
Too prone to find affliction's hidden haunts,
And not alone to give your wealth away,
But that far dearer boon—your sympathy;
These things oppress and fill your mind with gloom.
Man. No, you mistake: To seek and soften woe,
Yields truer, more substantial bliss, than all
The wiles of empty pleasure can procure.
Beau. I say you brood over such thoughts and scenes
Till they o'ercome you—then your constant bent
To home enjoyments, gentle ones I grant,
But wanting on the score of novelty
And sweet variety—these dull your spirits.
Man. You fancy this, because you know them not.
I would not barter for the noise and pomp
That dwell in splendid palaces, the dear
Domestic blessings of my quiet home.
You know I am no Frenchman: habit, years,
And being wedded to a gentle one
Born in this land, have much endear'd it to me;
Yet I have not imbibed an idle love
For all its customs;—still I prize my home,
And so far from imagining this love
May ever cause a pensive moment, I
The rather wonder, that with such a home
And such a friend as thou art, I should not
Be the most happy and content of men.
Beau. Manuel, indeed I ought to be your friend.
If gratitude for favours manifold—

If admiration for a honest man—
If firm affection for a gentle one—
(For thou art noble, generous, kindly, all
That woman loves, and sterner man respects.)
Yes, if these feelings warm within my breast,
Deserve the hallow'd name of friendship, I
Am proud to feel and own myself your friend.

Man. No more of this.—I know not why it is,
But from my earliest youth I have been prone
To superstition and its bodements dark—
And a wild dream of mine last night, has left
A weight upon my mind.

Beau. Only a dream?

Man. Aye, *but* a dream—but my dreams have at times
All the effect of stern reality.

Beau. And what was this?

Man. Methought this form lay bound by felon-hands,
And doom'd impotently to look upon
Deeds of strange horror blasting my strain'd sight!
I saw my household gods destroyed, and all
The charities and privacies of life
Abus'd and outrag'd; God of Heaven! I saw
My darling children murder'd, and could not
Lift up a father's arm in their defence!—
I saw my lov'd Louise with streaming eyes,
Pouring forth a wild mother's agony
And tender wife's distraction. I saw her kneel,
And with uplifted hands implore that their
Young lives might yet be spar'd—the prayer was vain!—
I saw the lifted steel—and turn'd my head,
All phrenzied, from that dark and dreadful scene!
But worse than all—remember'd still with horror—
While yet his sword was reeking with the blood
Of those dear infants, whom a moment past
She seem'd to love and pray for—she—Louise—
My own beloved wife—my own Louise—
I saw her turn and fling her arms around
Thy neck—(for, Beaumont! in this lying dream
Thou wert the wretched murderer—even thou!)
Yes, on the spot where her dead children lay,
I saw her fawn on thee with lustful eyes!—

Beau. (In a tone of the deepest agitation.) On me? no—no—but was this all?

Man. It was—
For mad with intense agony, I found
Utterance for it, and so I awoke.

Beau. And this deluded vision pictur'd me
As the unheard of and remorseless slayer?

Man. It did; and if I did not know thee well,
Thy pale and changing countenance would seem
To certify it as prophetic.

Beau. No,
Manuel! I will not—sure your words were meant
In playfulness—perchance you may perceive
Upon my face the palpable effect
Of last night's joyous revelry—no more;
Nor will you blame me if my features show
My interest in your strange narrative,
Though but a vision.

Man. You and I have heard
Our mothers say, that such things must be judg'd
By contraries, and if it speak of death,
It presages a marriage, so perhaps
You have resolved on wedlock, and would keep
It secret which my dream has thus reveal'd.

Beau. You are gay, Manuel.

Man. No, 'twas but assum'd.
Since last night's gaiety has caus'd, you say,
Something of lassitude, I'll leave you now
To the repose of which you may have need.

April 2, 1822.

SHAKSPEARE.

Mr. Drama,

It must be acknowledged, that Biography is peculiarly agreeable in all society, and in all countries; and it is to be regretted that so few illustrious characters have thought proper to bequeath to the world memoirs of their own lives. But if the want of faithful biography be a subject of or-

dinary lament, how greatly is it to be deplored, when it regards men endowed with minds of the very highest order—men, who, like the comets of heaven, appear only at distant periods to attract the gaze of admiring nations, and to shed an unusual glory over the intellectual system.

"Amid the mighty uproar, while below
"The nations tremble, SHAKSPEARE looks abroad
"From some high cliff, superior, and enjoys
"The elemental war." AKENSIDE.

That SHAKSPEARE was one of that class of men, who, in relation to the species deserved to be termed prodigies of intelligence, must be acknowledged by all to whom nature and education have given the capacity of understanding, and appreciating his works. Not only does he stand unrivalled as a dramatic author, but in every quality of poetical composition, he may challenge the most renowned competitor.

His invention is scarcely equalled by that of HOMER; even the genius of MILTON, with all the aid which the sublimity of his subject afforded, is not more successful in his boldest flights, than the wild and creative fancy of "our immortal bard."

"If any author," says POPE, "deserved the name of an original, it was SHAKSPEARE. His poetry was inspiration indeed; he is not so much an imitator as an instrument of nature, and it is not so just to say that *he* speaks *from her*, as that *she* speaks *through him*."

No author was ever less an egotist than SHAKSPEARE. Equally careless as to the praise or censure of critics and biographers, he either neglected to preserve, or destroyed all records, documents, &c., relating to his own life and writings, which have filled several volumes of comment.

No one can more regret than I do the want or loss of the life of that great man, and until something is produced that has never been brought to light, his character must remain in that obscurity which has veiled it, from the time his works were first known, and their value duly appreciated.

I am, sir,
Your's respectfully,
PHILO KEAN.

THE EFFECTS OF WINE ON POETS.

"What cannot wine perform? It brings to light
The secret soul; it bids the coward fight;
Gives being to our hopes; and from our hearts
Drives the dull sorrow, and inspires new arts.
Is there a wretch, whom bumpers have not taught
A flow of words, and loftiness of thought?"

MR. DRAMA,

HORACE, who was himself a great lover "of the freedom and mirth of a temperate glass," insinuates, by way of excuse, that it was impossible to be a good poet without it; for says he—

"To old *Cratinus*, if you credit give,
No water-drinker's verses long shall live,
Or long shall please."

This merry bard, in the epistle which I have alluded to, seems also inclined to defend this custom, by what a modern would term an hereditary right to drinking; which he thinks the poetical fraternity may claim from the father and founder of the art—his modesty, however, will not permit him to support his title, by saying, as some would have done, that "HOMER drank himself blind"—but merely says,

"When HOMER sings the joy of wine, 'tis plain,
"Great HOMER was not of a sober strain."

However, like a true advocate for the cause, he proceeds—that if it is not plain in the case of his Greek ancestor, his Latin one, ENNIUS, is a full and complete authority—

"And father ENNIUS, 'till with drinking fir'd,
Was never to the martial song inspir'd."

In order that you may perceive that our English bards have also esteemed wine as "a poet's beverage," I shall present you with a few memorandums of the immortal BEN JONSON.—

"Mem. I laid the plot of my "*Volpone*," and wrote most of it after a present of ten dozen of palm sack, from my very

good Lord T—; that play, I am positive, will last to posterity, and be acted when I and envy are friends, with applause."

"Mem. The first speech in my "*Cataline*," spoken by *Sylla's* ghost, was written after I parted from my boys at the Devil Tavern; I had drank well that night, and had brave notions. There is one scene in that play which I think flat: I resolve to mix no more water with my wine."

"Mem. Upon the 20th May, the king, heaven reward him, sent me one hundred pounds. I went often to the Devil about that time, and wrote my "*Alchymist*," before I had spent fifty pounds of it."

"At Christmas, my Lord B—— took me into the country: there was plenty of excellent claret wine; a new character offered itself to me here, upon which I wrote my "*Silent Woman*." My Lord smiled, and made me a noble present upon reading the first act to him; ordering at the same time, a quantity of the wine to be sent to London with me when I went; and it lasted me till my work was finished.

"Mem. I remember that I did not succeed in any one composition for a whole winter; it was that winter, honest Ralph, the drawer died, and when I and my boys drank bad wine at the Devil."

I think, Sir, that these memorandums of the immortal BEN are sufficient to justify the opinion of HORACE, that wine, (which, bye the by, must be good according to the above Memorandum) in moderate quantities produces a "flow of words and loftiness of thought."

T. W.

Seymour-Place, 1822.

ON FEMALES ENACTING MALE CHARACTERS.

MR. DRAMA,

THE prevailing passion of the managers of our theatres to have male characters personated by females, is the sole cause of my addressing this letter to you, sincerely hoping

that the subject will not be altogether beneath the dignity of the "Drama," to notice particularly when libertines and highwaymen, &c., are the very characters they are called upon to personify, and from which a female mind ought to shrink with abhorrence.

Having thus pointed out to you not only the prevailing passion, but the prevailing fault of our theatres, do Mr. DRAMA, give the managers a hint, that although the public may admire the spirit with which these ladies sustain their characters, yet a British audience cannot drive from their recollection, that the persons by whom the characters of the *Libertine, &c.*, are so admirably pourtrayed, are females. Such a reflection is repugnant to their feelings; and I conceive that the managers would better study the feelings of their patrons and their own interests, if they were to drop such performances altogether, unless they can obtain *men* who can sustain them with equal energy and vigour.

I am, &c. H. J.

DRAMATIC FRAGMENTA.

"——'Tis no lost labour
To stuff your *table-books*."
"*Love's Sacrifice*," 1633.

83.—DRAMATIC LAWYERS.

THE profession of the law may boast of numbering a great portion of our most celebrated dramatists among its members. The following authors occur to me, who all practised or studied the law; and a little research, I have no doubt, might swell the list considerably:—

FIELDING, BEAUMONT, SHERIDAN, Sir J. DENHAM, SOUTHERNE, GASCOIGNE, MURPHY, TOBIN, CONGREVE, Sir G. ETHEREDGE, FORDE, THEOBALD, M'NALLY, ROW, NORTON, Sir A. COCKAIN, FOOTE, SHADWELL, COLMAN, Sen. and D'URFEY.

The list of living dramatists, includes the following:—

MORTON, BARRY CORNWALL, JAMESON, COLMAN, REYNOLDS, Sir J. CARR, HORATIO SMITH, DALLAS, DIMOND, and HORACE TWISS.

84.—MISS.

This word was brought into particular use about the year 1662, EVELYN in his "*Diary*," says:—

"January 9, 1662, I saw performed the third part of "*The Siege of Rhodes.*" In this, acted the fair and famous comedian, called *Roxalana*, from the part which she played; and I think it was the last, she being taken for the Earl of OXFORD'S *Miss*, as at this time they began to call lewd women."

85.—MOORE.

MOORE, a dramatic writer, using too much freedom with POPE, occasioned that poet to stigmatize him thus in his "*Dunciad*:"—

"Never was dash'd out at one lucky hit
A fool so just a copy of a wit:
So like, that critics said, and courtiers swore
A wit it was, and call'd the phantom *More*."

86.—QUIN.

When QUIN was one day lamenting his growing old, a pert young fellow asked him, what he would give to be as young as he? "I would be content to be as foolish," said QUIN.

87.—QUEVEDO.

There is a story related of BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, that, while consulting over a bottle of wine in a tavern, about the catastrophe of a tragedy, one said—"*You kill the King, and I'll poison the Queen.*" A waiter, who had been listening at the door, immediately took the alarm, and went for a constable to apprehend them. DON FRANCISCO DE QUEVEDO, who was their contemporary, describes an incident of a similar sort, in his life of *Paul, the Spanish barber*:—"When I was writing a play," says he, "the maid used to bring up my dinner, and leave it there; and it was my way to act all I wrote, and talk aloud, as if I had been upon the stage. As the devil would have it, when the maid

was coming up the stairs, which were dark and upright, with the dish of meat and plates in her hands, I was composing a scene of hunting a bear, and being wholly intent upon my play, cried out as loud as I could—

"Fly, fly the bloody bear, take heed, I say,
Alas! I'm killed, and you'll become its prey."

The poor wench, who was a silly Gallician, hearing me roar that I was killed, and she in danger of becoming a prey to the bear, thought it had been a real matter of fact, and that I called to her to save herself. Upon this conceit, she took to her heels, and treading on her coats in the confusion, tumbled down all the stairs. The soup was spilt, the earthen pots broken, and she ran out roaring into the street, that, "*a bear was killing a man!*"

Life of Paul, Vol. III.

88.—BOWMAN, (THE ACTOR)

Died in 1739. In the "*Scot's Magazine*" for March, in that year, p. 141, I find his "*exit*" thus noticed:—

"Died, March 23rd, Mr. BOWMAN, of Drury Lane Theatre, aged 88, who had the honour to perform several times before King CHARLES the Second, and with whom that monarch often drank a bottle. He was the oldest player, the oldest singer, and the oldest ringer in England."

89.—POWERFUL MEMORY.

In a company of young gentlemen, at Edinburgh, in June 1766, one of them laid a wager with another, that he would repeat the part of *Hamlet*, Prince of Denmark, without deviating from the copy of SHAKSPEARE, which he studied, in one single word or particle. Accordingly, the night of trial came on, when the young gentleman acquitted himself to the great surprise, and much against the expectation, of all that were present; who, in consideration of his merit, and the many chances against him, generously quadruplicated the bet, that the evening might conclude with the more joy. It is to be observed, that what renders this wager the more remarkable, is the strong effort of memory in undertaking

not to omit or add one word; which is perhaps what no one actor of the part in Great Britain would undertake to perform.

90.—"THE NONJUROR."

It is well known how popular this play was when first produced, a popularity arising, perhaps, more from political causes, than from its intrinsic merits. [A prosing pamphlet, (which was published just after the appearance of the play) called "Some cursory remarks on the play, called *The Nonjuror*," 1718, affords some *memoranda* indicative of this popularity.

"His MAJESTY came to see the play last Thursday, and seemed to be mightily pleased.

"The play will not be published till the 2nd of January. I have subscribed for one of the large paper, which shall be with you the very first opportunity.

"We hear Mr. CIBBER has got leave to dedicate his play to the king.

"I would advise all families to procure the play: and I hope to see it as common in every house, as a prayer-book, or Duty of Man," p. 29.

91.—PLAGIARISM IN THE "HEIR AT LAW."

Pangloss says to *Dick*, "At lovers perjuries, they say Jove laughs;" to which *Dick* replies, "more shame for him." This is copied without the slightest variation from "*Amphytrion*," Act V., where *Phædra* makes the same reply to *Jupiter*.

92.—JULIUS CÆSAR.

A passage in the old translation of *Plutarch*, by NORTH, explains the meaning of *Cæsar's* speech, in Act I, Scene 2.

"Forget not, in your speed, *Antonius*,
To touch *Calphurnia*; for, our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their steril curse —."

The passage in *Plutarch*, which I allude to, runs thus:—"t Athe time the feast of *Lupercalia* is celebrated, there

are diverse noblemen's soones, young men, (and some of them magistrates themselves, that govern them) *which run naked through the city*, striking in sport them they meet in their way, with leather thongs. *And many noble women and gentlewomen also go of purpose to stand in their way*, and do put forth their hands to be stricken; persuading themselves that, being with childe, they shall have good deliverie; and also being barren, that it will make them conceive with childe. *Cæsar* sat to behold that sport upon the pulpit for orations, in a chayre of gold, apparelled in a triumphant manner. *Antonius*, who was consul at that time, was one of them that roune this holy course."

Lambeth, April 10, 1822. GLANVILLE.

"ROMEO AND JULIET."

MR. DRAMA,

HAVING always professed myself an enthusiastic admirer of the writings of SHAKSPEARE, I hope it will not be thought presumption, and at the same time that I may not incur upon myself the appellation of "fastidious critic," when I point out what appears to me, an instance of his having wandered strangely out of his accustomed path; and in a peculiar manner which I do not recollect having observed in any other part of his works.

The passage to which I would allude is in the play of "*Romeo and Juliet*," where the bard makes *Romeo* give that ludicrous description of the miserable shop and furniture of an apothecary. However beautiful the description itself may be, (for beautiful all must allow it) still it seems to me remarkably ill-timed and out of character; *Romeo* at that time is in a state of distraction and despair, his agonised bosom is torn with affliction for the supposed death of his *Juliet*, which causes him to form the horrible design of destroying himself; and surely all will allow it is totally inconsistent with the conditions and circumstances of the speaker, even for a moment to occupy his distracted imagination in pourtraying the wretchedness of any other individual; and I cannot but think that in the *representation* of the play, the description alluded to might be dispensed

with, not only without lessening the beauty of the piece, but even to its advantage; the sympathetic sensation of the audience would be continued without interruption to the end: but as the piece is now represented, that sympathy and interest felt by the audience for the unfortunate *Romeo* is at once turned from its course, and disgust usurps the place of pity and compassion; *Romeo* himself seems to forget his own affliction, to have abandoned himself to a state of apathy, and to be totally unconcerned at the fate of *Juliet*. The omission of half a dozen lines in the representation of the play, would in this instance, do much.

I am, &c.

Sheffield, Feb. 20, 1822. J. W. G.

THE MERITS OF SHAKSPEARE AND CORNEILLE CONSIDERED.

NOTHING can be more conducive to form the taste, than to draw a parallel between the geniuses of such as have distinguished themselves in any branch of literature; and by weighing their merits and beauties in the balance of criticism, enable ourselves to judge with tolerable exactness, at which side of the scale excellence preponderates. Such a comparison seems much better calculated to give us a perfect idea of the meaning of the word genius; (a word by the bye made use of by many, but understood by very few) than as a pedantic and elaborate definition, which strives in vain to render palpable, an abstract term by other terms equally abstracted. Many of our critics have illustrated this opinion, and we find the admirers of classical learning frequently employed in drawing parallels between HOMER and VIRGIL, HORACE and JUVENAL, PLAUTUS and TERENCE, &c. &c. And so far have the technicalities of opinion influenced the above, that they have discussed their favorite author's claims to pre-eminence as scrupulously as plenipotentiaries adjust the feuds and rights of kingdoms; or as heralds the punctilios of state and ceremony.

To follow the comparisons above cited I conceive that an attention given to the moderns is equally as useful, and I

may add more instructive, than authors who though intrinsically sublime and beautiful have written in such ancient languages that none but the most classical can understand; and of whose beauties even they at this distance of time have but an imperfect relish. I may quote as an example of what has been above adduced, that prince of epic poets HOMER; how few of those who have literally received a liberal education can completely understand and thoroughly expound that ancient author, this is not owing that his ideas soar above our comprehension, though they dazzle us with their sublimity, but to the language in which his productions were penned. I believe many of us would have known him only by name had it not been for excellent translations, and of which that by Mr. POPE stands conspicuously eminent. But however classically poetical this production may be, how infinitely short of the original! I may indeed aver that no translation can entirely convey those coruscations of brilliant genius, that innate fire, that excellence of idea, and that grandeur of execution which so beautifully emanates from, and characterizes HOMER. These preliminary observations, it is hoped, will sufficiently evince the utility (if I may term it so,) of a comparison between the two great dramatic geniusses of England and France, who have written in such tongues, that it may be presumed we are better acquainted with, than if they had ushered their productions to the world, couched in Latin and Greek.

Between SHAKSPEARE and CORNEILLE, there is, in some respects, a resemblance, which to lay before the reader, and at the same time to trace the effervescences of idea which distinguishes both, may contribute in some degree, to promote and disseminate a knowledge of the Drama. CORNEILLE, was the father of dramatic poetry in France, as our immortal SHAKSPEARE was in England; like him, he excelled both in Tragedy and Comedy, and produced in both lines, numerous dramatic pieces: the sublime seems more especially to distinguish and pervade the writings of CORNEILLE; but those of SHAKSPEARE are so diversified and fertile, that it is hardly possible to say to what portion of his works, our highest admiration will be due. If I may venture to give a preference to any particular part of poetical

composition, he seems in my humble opinion, to have surpassed himself in terrific and descriptive delineation. What can possibly equal those soul thrilling scenes, in which the Ghost makes his several appearances to Hamlet, scenes which are no doubt masterpieces of poetic painting in this line. Admiration, tempered with wonder and awe, cannot fail to strike and subdue the astonished hearer, and grief fraught spectator. There is not a change in this division of the tragedy, or indeed in the tragedy itself, but what would furnish matter sufficient for the pencils of a TITIAN and a RAPHAEL, and require their united talents, to do adequate justice in the portraiture and execution. To cite all the beauties, would make it necessary to transcribe the whole; but I cannot help making one quotation of *Horatio's*, which, as a description, almost equals the admired one of Dover Cliff, in that inimitable emanation of histrionic fancy "*Lear.*"

"What if it tempt you to the flood my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er it's base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrid form,
That might deprive your sov'reignty o reason,f
And draw you into madness? Think of it!
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive into ev'ry brain
That hears it roar beneath."

The dagger scene in "*Macbeth*," and that in which *King John* excites *Hubert* to the murder of *Arthur*, as well as those in which he upbraids him for it, together with the imprecations and curses of *Lear*, are further illustrative of what has been before asserted.

On the contrary, the genius of CORNEILLE is in many points far dissimular; an uniform, sublime, and manly eloquence is what he most excels in, and as this kind of declamation and feeling, more particularly distinguish Roman eloquence and characters, he has taken most of his subjects from the Roman History. The account which *Cinna* gives to *Æmilia*, of his harangues to the conspirators, is admirable; and his description of the cruelties of the Triumviri, a picture replete with horrific interest. But

though CORNEILLE abounds with elevation and lofty eloquence, and is plentifully bedewed with sententious maxims, it will be in vain to search in him for that unexhausted imagination which so wonderfully distinguishes SHAKSPEARE, and which can be equally fruitful in the sublime and pathetic, the fanciful and picturesque, the gloomy and the gay. In this respect our immortal countryman surpasses all other competitors, and may be looked upon as the mirror of nature in which the lucubrations and features of the mind, are as exactly portrayed, as those of the face are reflected by a looking glass.

In the fundamental plans of CORNEILLE's tragedies, there is sometimes a similitude discoverable in the plots and characters of different pieces; thus the alienation of the mind, between filial piety and the passion of love, is the foundation of the distress of the *Cid*, and the struggle between love of country and private affection, that of the tragedy of the "*Horatii*," in the former *Ximena* solicits justice from the *King* for the murder of her parent, who had been slain by *Roderigo*, whom she passionately loved. And in the latter the remaining of the triple brethren, the conqueror of the Curatii and of the Albans, stabs his own sister for lamenting her lovers death, who was one of those very enemies, he had triumphantly that morning overthrown and slain; yet this action is excused on account of patriotism. Here consequently is a similitude, but in SHAKSPEARE, all his tragedies have different passions or circumstances for their ground-work, 'tis utterly impossible to shew any resemblance between the plots of "*Lear*," "*Hamlet*," "*Othello*," "*Julius Cæsar*," and "*Romeo*," the distress of the first, is founded upon the sufferings of a parent; the second, those of a son; the third, those of a jealous husband; the fourth, those of unfortunate patriots, and of the fifth, upon those of an unhappy lover. An exception may assuredly be brought forward with regard to the passion of ambition, which is certainly the main spring of two of his finest tragedies, viz. "*Macbeth*," and and "*Richard the Third*," but in this instance the admiration of the poet must encrease, when we consider he has found out the method of preserving two ambitious men, in such different lights. That of *Richard's* being resolute and

determinate, always aided by consummate art and effrontery, whilst that of *Macbeth* is wavering and irresolute, and is at times overwhelmed with conscious guilt and phrenzied by despair.

CORNEILLE is however peculiarly happy in his judicious arrangement of incidents. and in the general correctness and regularity of his works, though of the whole it must be confessed he is much inferior to SHAKSPEARE.

In conclusion, SHAKSPEARE, I conceive, prescribed no particular bounds or bourne to his genius, whilst CORNEILLE on the contrary, left alone the natural luxuriant and wild sproutings of his fancy, and only cultivated those tendrils that were pruned. In fine I may add, what none I think will dispute, that the former was a wonderful poetic luminary, and the latter an excellent dramatic poet.

April 6th, 1822. J. J. LEATHWICK.

THE DRAMATIC BIOGRAPHER.

No. IV.

BY J. W. DALBY.

JOHN DENNIS.

JOHN DENNIS was the son of a citizen of London, and was educated at Cambridge, where he acquired or improved a considerable portion of critical acuteness.

Returning to town, he associated with the wits of that period, CONGREVE, Sir SAMUEL GARTH, WYCHERLY, and DRYDEN; he was favourably noticed by Lord HALIFAX, and patronized by JOHN, the great Duke of MARLBOROUGH, whose victories he celebrated in two heroic poems, the first called "*Blenheim*," the second, "*Ramillies*."

For these productions of his pen, DENNIS received from the Duke a handsome pecuniary present, and not long after was appointed to a sinecure place in the customs.

Competence and pleasant position thus seem to have placed contentment and peace within his reach; but there

are temperaments and dispositions so peculiar, as to be incapable of enjoying those invaluable blessings.

It was soon discovered, that this apparently fortunate man wanted other requisites; good temper, self-command, prudence, and sometimes common sense. Having been invited to meet a large party to dine with the Earl of HALIFAX, he sat down as usual to the table, dressed for the day in a new and splendid suit. To prevent soiling his cloaths, he contrived to draw part of the table-cloth through a button-hole of his coat, and secured it with a pin. A disputed passage, in an ancient author, mentioned, as I suspect, by some mischievous rogue who knew the turbulency of DENNIS, being the subject of conversation, an opportunity was taken to contradict, without ceremony, the assertions of our irritable critic. As DENNIS could never coolly submit to opposition, he rose from his seat considerably agitated, to enforce his arguments, but unfortunately, not recollecting his connection with the table-cloth, he drew it after him; this circumstance exciting loud laughter, and augmenting his warmth, he still farther retreated, overturning all in his way, oversetting plates, dishes, in the laps of the disconcerted guests, who fled in all directions. The laughter and uproar naturally increasing, he rushed to the door, dragging after him this long and troublesome appendage, which as he tumbled down the stairs, almost enveloped him. He was at last set at liberty by the domestics, and sent home in a coach, in a state of mind nearly approaching to madness.

His companions calling the next day, to condole *with* or to laugh *at* him, his passion again burst forth, and he would not be persuaded but that the whole was a previously concerted combination to distress and render him an object of ridicule and contempt.

In the early part of the reign of Queen ANNE, Mr. DENNIS had published a tragedy, called "*Liberty Asserted*," filled with bitter invectives against the conduct and principles of the French. Hearing that a negotiation for peace was carrying on at Utretcht, he waited on his patron, the Duke of MARLBOROUGH, earnestly entreating *that no article might be included in the treaty for delivering* HIM *to the King of France.*

The victorious general, who found it difficult to keep a serious face, assured him that his fears were groundless, but lamented that he had *now* no interest at court. The poet still appearing alarmed and dissatisfied, his Grace endeavoured to sooth him, by observing, "I think, with submission, Mr. DENNIS, that I have injured the enemy *almost* as much as you, yet *I* am under no apprehensions!

On another occasion, being on a visit at a friend's house, on the coast of Sussex, he was taking a customary walk on the sea-shore; but his evening contemplations were suddenly disturbed by discoveriug a cutter sailing, as it appeared, towards the spot on which he stood, although, in fact, it was only making occasional tacks, to take advantage of a side, and rather a contrary wind.

Stimulated by a prevalent propensity to jealousy and suspicion, he hurried to the next post in town, where he ordered a chaise and horses, and made no stop till he reached the metropolis. The next post brought a virulent and abusive letter from DENNIS, in which he accused the gentleman whose house he had quitted, of decoying him down to the sea-coast, for the purpose of seizing his person, and delivering him up to his exasperated enemy, the French king!

By these and similar eccentricities, but particularly by the success of Mr. ADDISON'S "*Cato*," and POPE'S "*Essay on Criticism*," both of which he violently attacked, insisting that *Cato* was not a drama, but a poem, and the Essay trite and common-place, dressed in good verse; by the failure of his tragedy, "*Appius and Virginia*," from which he expected great profit and reputation; he became more irritable, in consequence of these and other disappointments, and his temper inflamed to a state of almost insanity! At the same time, the depth of his learning, and the acuteness of his criticism could not be denied. POPE, who seems to have commenced hostilities, by introducing the character of "*Appius reddening at each word you speak*," was not of a disposition to submit quietly to such an attack, but feeling the truth of many of DENNIS'S strictures, in subsequent editions, he evidently profited from them.

On this occasion, the translator of HOMER published what was highly culpable—"*A narrative of the strange*

and deplorable phrenzy of Mr. JOHN DENNIS;" a proceeding which no provocation could justify!

Such, after a life, commencing with better promise, was the unpropitious conclusion of it, at the age of seventy-seven, I fear under the aggravating pressure of pecuniary distress.

LINES TO MR. GRIMALDI.

A fond admirer of thy worth,
I fain would tell thee how thy mirth
Has oft, when tragedy's been o'er,
Inspir'd my heart with laughter's roar;
Compelling old, young, grave, and gay,
To own thy humourous general sway;
And though satirical thy aim,
'Tis pardon'd by GRIMALDI's name;
Well deem'd the chief of Thalia's school,
A thoro' Momus, yet no fool,
But such, tho' call'd, still I maintain
He's wise, who can thy part sustain.
All who behold must wish again,
To see thee mimic *Cawdors Thane:*(1)
Thy serious pantomimic skill,
When witness'd, every breast must fill
With pleasure, at thy wondrous art
In piercing all, like Cupid's dart;
Which, the great KEMBLE pleas'd to see,
Bestow'd that eulogy on thee;
That thou, wert on the British stage,
First low comedian of the age;
Immortaliz'd, like his thy name,
Enroll'd already, is thy fame,
May it increase, as years roll on,
And thou be crown'd with laurels won.

D. J. M.

(1) *Macbeth*, in "*Harlequin and Friar Bacon.*"

THEATRICAL INQUISITION.

"Say what abridgment have you for this evening?
What mask?—what music?—how shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?"

"*Midsummer Night's Dream*," Act V. Scene I.

KING'S THEATRE.

March 30.—CENDRILLON.

This is a very elegant ballet, and is most happy as a subject for this order of entertainment. It is not so well fitted with situations for the display of the finer sentiments; but for all that can be comprised in a story of simple imagination, there can be few more suitable. The legend is strictly preserved, as indeed all the incidents are useful in displaying the art. The Prince's ball-room gives fine opportunity for producing all the light-footed corps on a stage of professional emulation. The two capricious sisters were personated by Madame ANATOLE and DE VARENNES, and for the lighter graces they are not to be excelled. MARCHESOTTI was *Cinderella*, and no worthier representative could be selected. Her style is confined in posture-making, but her feet move with preternatural grace and activity. There were two new appearances, CHARLES VESTRIS, who has been absent three years, and Madame RENZI VESTRIS, her first appearance in this country. CHARLES VESTRIS has finished his studies with effect, and is every way worthy of the succession to the honours of his family. His style is classical, and there is not a single lapse that leaves any allusion to his material gravity in his whole performance. His figure is not the happiest for a dancer, being of too slight and attenuated proportion—but his taste triumphs over this defect. Perhaps there could not be a more perfect contrast to his appearance than the new lady. She is of short stature, and of sound and compact symmetry—altogether made for dancing. Her style is positively, and without any alloy of technical affectation, beautiful. The motion of her feet is swift, and circumscribes all possible

feats of graceful execution. She dances, as might be imagined of a being just sprung into mature existence, in the first hilarious enjoyment of vital functions. She was rapturously applauded. The groupings between the chief dancers, were very delightful. The variations effected by *Cinderella's* twelve maiden attendants, clustered sometimes like the Graces—then the Horæ running in a circle—then, after their solution from the denser figures, gathered in changeable columns, bound with festooning scarves; all these, and many more, formed images of delight too exquisite to bear any relation to the feelings of "this every-day world."

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

Journal of Performances, with Remarks.

March 19th.—Man of the World—Three and the Deuce.

21.—Ibid—Paul and Virginia.

23.—Ibid—Giovanni in London.

25.—Pizarro—Paul and Virginia.

26.—Artaxerxes—Love in Humble Life—Monsieur Tonson.

28.—Man of the World—Giovanni in London.

30.—Castle Spectre—Mayor of Garratt. [Benefit of Mr. RUSSELL.]

Mr. KEAN played *Osmond* for the first time, and if we may believe the bills, his performance "far exceeded any of his former efforts." We shall notice it hereafter. This was the last night of performing till the Easter holidays, and of Mr. RUSSELL's engagement, who, in consequence of certain economical arrangements on the part of the "*Lessee*," has been dismissed.

April 8th.—George Barnwell—ALMORAN and HAMET, [1st time.] The management of this house has *attempted* to cope with the sister theatre, in that point in which it has hitherto excelled every competitor—*spectacle*. The attempt has only displayed the insufficiency of the resources for a piece requiring a somewhat more than ordinary show of magnificence and splendour. Mr. ELLISTON must never

think of producing a "*Romantic Fairy Tale*," without having Mr. FARLEY at his elbow: that gentleman is the head and soul of Melo-drama—and where he is not, taste in the direction—elegance in the groupings—mechanism in the changes and scenery—and splendour in the dresses and decorations, are entirely out of the question. The present piece, with the exception of two new scenes, decently painted, consists of nothing but old scenery newly vamped up—from "*Jack and the Bean Stalk*"—"*King Lear*"—"*Harlequin's Vision*"—"*The Valley of Diamonds*"—and "*Harlequin and Humpo*"—old dresses and old decorations—and we think we may safely aver, that twenty pounds is the utmost it could have cost Mr. E. in the getting up. A "*vision*" is presented in the second scene, and this we cite as a proof of our assertions:—Let any one compare this with the *Fairy Vision* at Covent Garden, (in the afterpiece) and then judge for themselves, which theatre claims the laurel. The same may be said of the manner in which *Zadoc*, the possessor of the ring, makes his frequent appearance. He walks on the stage in the same way as would a mortal being—none of that magic pomp which we are taught to believe attends those who deal in necromantic spells. No clouds encompass him about—no attendant sprites anxiously await to do his bidding—no lightning flashes, nor no thunder rolls—the only sound which gives notice of his approach, is one or two *sonorous* strokes on the gong—which, as it astonishes the "gods above," is repeated in almost every scene. In the scene too, where the *Evil Genius* interrupts the nuptials of *Hamet*, and the fair *Almeyda*, a thing is let down from the roof of the stage, on which is written "*The Fates decree Almeyda and the crown to Almoran.*" This is done in so beggarly a manner, that we must candidly say, it would have disgraced RICHARDSON'S booth—at all events, it had just the effect of the gilt gingerbread on the stalls of Bartholomew fair. If Mr. ELLISTON really means to compete with Covent Garden in the getting up of romantic tales, he must engage Mr. T. P. COOKE, from the Cobourg;—Mr. BARRYMORE, from the Royal Amphitheatre; or even Mr. BEVERLEY, from the Regency; for it must be allowed "*they manage these things better*" at the Minors.

This piece is founded on and named after Dr. HAWKESWORTH'S "*Almoran and Hamet*," and the text of the doctor has been adhered to by the dramatist, apparently with much attention; and the deviations are only such as to furnish opportunities for letting in a little farcical humour, which relieves the gravity of the original, and tends to bring about the conclusion by a more agreeable route of incident. From the fame of the story, we are relieved from any specific description of the plot, although we may just mention that its chief interest consists in the efforts of *Almoran*, [COOPER] to possess the throne of which he has been left joint heir with his brother *Hamet*, [PENLEY] as well as to gain *Almeyda*, [Miss COPELAND] a fair Circassian, the betrothed bride of the latter; the usual materials of dungeons and daggers are introduced—but *Hamet* guarded by a virtuous power, triumphs over the spells of *Almoran* and his demoniac agents, and mounts the throne.

The Music, principally by ROOKE, was generally good, although somewhat too noisy; one little song, from Miss POVEY, as well as a duet between her and Mr. HALLEY, a time serving janissary, were most loudly applauded. COOPER well described the working of sensual and selfish ambition in a strong and depraved mind. PENLEY performed extremely well, but is not so completely fitted for displaying the pomp of Eastern allegory;—and Miss COPELAND in the little there was for her to do, gave that little the greatest effect. Miss TREE in a very pretty tambourine dance, gained deserved applause. The piece was successful.

9.—A Cure for the Heart Ache—Almoran and Hamet.

10.—School for Scandal—Ibid.

Miss GRIMANI, from the Theatre Royal, Belfast, made her first essay before a London audience, in *Lady Teazle*. She is of a fine and imposing stature, and sufficiently youthful—in short, is physically well qualified for the part. She has a great deal of professional aptitude, manages the situations, her share of the groupings, and the changes, with perfect readiness and ability; but the *vis comica* is too inert with her in operation. She moves, and thinks, and speaks with too much preparation. The inflexions of her voice have a tendency to drawling, and her elocution has too much of the character of "tragedy giving a rout." She seems to

possess considerable understanding of stage business and may find a way, having all necessary requisites to found a better style upon, to amend the few defects mentioned above. She was very cordially received, and much applauded at the conclusion. She was extremely happy in the scene with *Joseph Surface* in the library—received his insidious proposals with a very refined mixture of assumed simplicity and deliberate yielding—but nearly spoiled the scene by the formality of the sarcasm on his professions of honour. She will do excellently after a little abridgment of the stateliness of her style and delivery. Mr. MUNDEN played *Sir Peter Teazle* with that rich and happy abundance of true humour, which, without o'erdoing "the modesty of nature," leaves no part of the performance with the least defect of finish. Mr. ELLISTON performed *Charles Surface*, and Mr. COOPER *Joseph*. The latter was nearly as happy in revealing the saturnine and perfidious propensities, as the former in those of the prodigal, candid, liberal, and affectionate sentiency of his prototype. Mr. LOVEDAY performed *Sir Oliver*. The scandalous group were admirably supported by Mrs. ORGER, and Messrs. HARLEY and PENLEY. It has been thought, and said too, and that by respectable authorities, (see Lord BYRON's note to his first tragedy) that the legitimate drama cannot live on the present stage. His Lordship quotes this very play for his proof, and cites Mr. T. DIBDIN's evidence. Now, certain it is, that, although Drury-lane has not had very full houses of late, it has seldom had a more crowded one than last night. And then for effect—all the blazing scenery, and the whole tribes of quadrupeds, together with storms, battles, and every other resource had in the arcana of pantomime and shew, could not have produced the admiring and gratified attention which was paid to that celebrated scene in this excellent comedy, which is conducted between *Sir Peter* and *Lady Teazle*, and *Charles* and *Joseph Surface*, in the library.—The taste of the town may, like the gods of the Heathen, have been asleep, or peradventure gone on a journey: but it is now at home and in good health, and quite ready to receive the grateful homage of the classic Muse, without the encumbrance of her gaudy and intrusive followers.

11.—Heir at Law—Ibid.

12.—School for Scandal—Ibid.

The second appearance of Miss GRIMANI this evening was made with increased success. She seemed to have become more familiar with that part, and to have lost a portion of that stiffness which was nearly her only defect. We must give Mr. ELLISTON great praise for the excellent manner in which the play was got up. Indeed there has been no performance exhibited at this house for some time, in which the characters are so happily cast as in this; and we candidly think that such a collection of comic talent as he now possesses, has rarely, if ever, been witnessed. It is really delightful to every lover of the drama, to see this great effort of dramatic genius introduced to the public in a manner which so nearly approximates to the conception of its author. Had he left no other relic of his genius, this single comedy would have immortalized him; and every repetition must refresh our recollection of the man, who has left no species of writing untouched, and has adorned everything he has attempted.

"The orator, dramatist, minstrel, who ran
Thro' each mode of the lyre, and was master of all."

13.—Wild Oats—Giovanni in London.

15.—Suspicious Husband—Almoran and Hamet.

Mrs. GLOVER, after an absence of some months, resumed her old part of *Clarinda*, and her return was hailed with much warmth. Miss COPELAND'S *Lucetta* was bewitching; her "*I hope you are not going to be rude, sir!*" was nature itself, and told accordingly. The *Ranger* of Mr. ELLISTON is too well known to need eulogium.

16.—Poor Gentleman—Ibid.

17.—Provoked Husband—Paul and Virginia.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Journal of Performances, with Remarks.

March 19th.—School for Scandal—Miller and his Men.

21.—Montrose—Rosina.

23.—Ibid—Ibid.

25.—Tempest—Mother Bunch.
26.—Montrose—Roland for an Oliver.
28.—Exile—Rosina.
30.—Henri Quatre—Katherine and Petruchio.
Last night of performing till Easter.

April 8th.—Wallace—CHERRY AND FAIRY STAR; OR, *The Children of Cyprus*, [1st time.]—After the tragedy, in which Mr. MACREADY made a deep impression on the audience by his energy and discrimination, a "new romantic *melo-dramatic* fairy tale," under the above title, was produced for the holiday visitors, and "*outdoes*" almost all the former "*out doings*" of this theatre by the splendour and magnificence of its scenery, dresses, and decorations. The "*Gnome King*"—"*Undine*"—"*Aladdin*"—and the "*Two Gentlemen of Verona*," had, we conceived, carried the arts of scene painting and mechanism to the highest pitch possible, but we were mistaken and that most agreeably. It is founded on an old fairy tale, and, as may be expected, derives its principal interest from the aids of enchantment. The story is extremely simple, although replete with incident, and almost to the conclusion enveloped in mystery. We think it runs thus:—

The queen mother of Cyprus being enraged at the marriage of the *King*, her son, with a female of inferior rank, causes the children of this union to be secretly carried off in order to be destroyed. For this purpose, *Sanguinbeck*, [FARLEY] a released galley slave, is employed as agent, but being driven by a storm on the shores of the isle of Tenedos, he there leaves the two infants, *Fair Star*, [Miss FOOTE] and her brother *Cherry*, [Mrs. VINING] to perish. It happens, however, that they are found by a peasant of the island, named *Hassanbad*, [BLANCHARD] who carries them to his wife, and by them they are reared and cherished with all the tenderness of parental love. Seventeen years after this event, *Sanguinbeck* is wrecked on the same shore, and with his slave *Tapack*, [GRIMALDI] are perishing of hunger, when they are discovered by *Hassanbad*, and carried to his house. Here the discovery of the children causes *Sanguinbeck* to threaten their lives—but he, at length, flees, (as *Cherry* and his sister being impelled by the fairy *Briergrass*, [Miss BEAUMONT] through the agency of her

sprite *Papillo*, [Miss E. DENNETT] to embark for Cyprus, to find out who their parents are,) to navigate the beautiful galley provided for them by the fairy power. They all arrive at Cyprus, where they are discovered by the *Cadi Gaffer*, [CHAPMAN] who is in the queen mother's interest, and *Sanguinbeck* is told that if he does not by a certain hour effect their death, his life shall pay the forfeit. *Sanguinbeck* on this is necessitated, contrary to his feelings, to attempt the children's lives. But through the agency of *Topac*, they are miraculously saved, and *Cherry* is directed by the sprite to go through a trial of his courage and parental love, by encountering the demons of the fiery wood, who guard the magic fountain, whose dancing waters he must draw, and then proceed to the icy summit of Mount Caucasus, where the secret of his birth will be unfolded. *Cherry*, attended by the slave *Topac*, boldly performs his task—overpowers the daemons—draws the water—and with infinite difficulty scrambles up the slippery mountain, on reaching the top of which, it divides, and he sinks into the depths which open and expand into a beautiful grotto, from whence issues the fairy, attended by her friends—the parents of the lovely *Children of Cyprus* are discovered, and happiness reigns around.

Mrs. VINING performed the part of *Cherry* delightfully, and danced, sung, and fought with great spirit. Miss FOOTE shone resplendently as *Fair Star*, and the aerial sprite *Papillo*, could not have found a more delightful representative than Miss DENNETT. She footed it "*on the fantastic toe*" so lightly, that she seemed only *par complaisance* touching the visionary ground. Mr. FARLEY's *Sanguinbeck*, we think a most masterly performance; in fact, next to his *Grindoff*, it is by far his best melo-dramatic representation. He is inimitable in these kind of characters. GRIMALDI also imparted all due possible effect to the slave *Topac*; and Mr. BLANCHARD and Mr. CHAPMAN filled up their parts with respectability. The singing was but passable, with the exception of a hunting glee, by Messrs. TAYLOR, ISAACS, PYNE, and COMER, which was admirable. The scenery really beggars description. It was the very region of enchantment—each successive scene surpasses the former in beauty and gorgeous splendour, and transports the fancy to

the delicious tracts of fairy land so voluptuously described in the "*Arabian Night's Entertainments:*" The illusions are really astonishing. *The Avis Grove, or Fairy Abode*, with which the drama opens, is admirable. Here are myriads of birds of the most beautiful plumage, all in motion—with numberless little elves and sprites, dancing to the most melodious tunes, all grouped with the greatest judgment. *The Burning Forest* is also among the highest efforts of the scenic art. The whole scene appears ignited, and the sensation of intense heat is thrown over the spectator. This gives way for the frozen regions of the arctic circle—the opposite extreme. This has an excellent effect. Nothing could be finer than the view of the *Port of Cyprus*, and the arrival of the *Grecian Galley* with its youthful charge. The *Valley of the City, by moonlight*;—*the Bower of Illusion*;—*General View of Cyprus*;—*and the Etruscan Villa*, are also excellent.

This piece has been brought forward under Mr. FARLEY'S direction, and it reflects the highest credit on his good taste. It was announced for repetition with loud applause, and having been a little pruned, will no doubt have a long run.

April 9th.—Slave—Cherry and Fair Star.
10.—She Stoops to Conquer—Ibid.
11.—Rob Roy—Ibid.
12.—Clandestine Marriage—Ibid.
13.—Henri Quatre—Ibid.
15.—Macbeth—Ibid.
16.—Beggar's Opera—Two Pages—Ibid.
17.—Rivals—Ibid.

MINOR DRAMA.

COBOURG THEATRE.

April 8th.—LIFE IN PARIS.

As "fashion in every thing bears sovereign sway,"
And *Logic*, *Tom*, and *Jerry*, now *live* their little day—

This truly elegant theatre not willing to be behind hand with its rivals, has given way to the rage, and presented those

who are fond of "*rows, larks, sprees,*" and all the stuttered of "*Life,*" with a very excellent portraiture of "*things as they are*" on the other side of the water. It is of the sort, the best thing yet produced. The Scenery is admirably painted—the Dresses correct and characteristic—and the piece altogether not devoid of interest. The attention is kept alive throughout the whole, and the incidents are well calculated to raise a laugh even from the most saturnine—for our own parts, we confess we were obliged in some instances to "*hold our sides;*" and a quinsy with which we have been affected for some time past, has been considerably relieved, from the effect produced on our risible muscles by some of the scenes. Those which most contributed to this pleasant result, were the scene in the panorama dramatique, that in which *Humphrey* fights a duel with a French officer—the grand dinner room at the Restaurateur Very's in the Palais Royale—and the Boulevard's, by night, in which is displayed all the various exhibitions which characterize that scene of gaiety—rope dancers—tumblers—punch—boutiques ambulans—the whole tribe of French venders of flowers, dancing dolls, monkeys, promenaders, musicians, &c. &c. This scene was excellently managed. Other picturesque views which deserve mention for their beautiful execution, are the *View of the Seine and the Buildings on the Quays;—the Gardens of the Palais Royal;—Gate of St. Dennis;—Square du Chatelet;—Park and Palace of St. Cloud;—Paris, from Pont Neuf, by night;—and the entrance to Paris by Mewil-Montant.*

The piece consists of the adventures of *Sir Humphrey Halibut*, knight, alderman, and fishmonger, [W. BENNETT] and his family—consisting of *Lady Halibut*, [MRS. WASTON] *Lydia*, his daughter, [Miss WATSON] *Humphrey*, his son, [SLOMAN] and *Dick Wildfire*, [ROWBOTHAM] his nephew, betrothed to *Lydia*; with *Ben Binnacle*, [BRADLEY] late master's mate of the Shamrock, their attendant. Arriving in Paris, *Dick Wildfire* meets with an acquaintance, one *O'Shuffleton*, [GALLOT] who is a "*Chevalier d' Industrie*, or a gent.; who lives by his wits, resident in Paris—and as the face of an acquaintance in a foreign country, will pass for a friend, he puts a good face upon the matter, and is introduced by *Dick* to *Humphrey, jun.*, and to make

short of the subject, the three worthies, (who answer to the Tom, Jerry, and Logic of "Life in London") "start Life in Paris." In the end, the wife and daughter of Sir Humphrey elope with O'Shaughlan, who also contrives to decoy the two cockneys to a gambling-house, and draws them of all their "blunt." However, the Irishman turns out to be a "man of honour," and the piece concludes, of course, happily.

BLOMAN, as *Humphrey*, was irresistibly comic—the character was well suited to his peculiar powers; ROWBOTHAM was spirited as *Dick*, and GALLOT respectable as *O'Shaughlan*. Several trios were well executed by these gentlemen, and much applauded. Madame Le CLERQ danced character, and BRADLEY's roaring suited the blunt tar *Bonnacle*, very well. Several quadrilles were admirably executed by the *Corps de Ballet*. The piece was well received, and will no doubt have a long run.

FORTRESS OF PRESBURG; OR, *The Hut of the Danube*. This is stated by the bills to be a new melo-drame, but that is a mistake, as we recollect reading it five years ago in a work, called "*The Stage*," under the title of "*Frederick, the Hungarian Deserter*." Miss TAYLOR, T. P. COOKE and ROWBOTHAM, played the principal characters in excellent style, and BRUNTON, as *Fritz*, kept the house in continued laughter. We cannot conclude this brief notice, without remarking, that the house has been elegantly and tastefully fitted up. The ceiling has been inlaid with pieces of looking glass, which have a most brilliant effect; and the fronts of the boxes are ornamented by the rose, shamrock, and thistle, surrounded by laurels. The whole does the greatest credit to the managers; and we are happy to see the public appreciate their endeavours to please.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.

April 8th.—Under the judicious and liberal arrangement of Mr. EGERTON, this theatre has become the focus of attraction for all the souls of jollity and laughter. Since it was last opened, considerable improvements have been made in the interior. The stage, the pit, and proscenium, have all been enlarged;

it has also had the benefit of some very elegant new scenery and decorations. The entertainment selected for the opening of the season is the well-known extravaganza of *Tom and Jerry*, "put into shape" by the author, exclusively for this theatre. In this extraordinary compositton, scenes of many-coloured life are drawn from the highest and lowest classes of society. It is not very dissimilar, in point of character, from the piece which has had such a run at the Adelphi, and has so long "split the ears of the groundlings." However, this second possesses some advantage above the other, for it retains all its wit and loses all its grossness. The characters are in general well supported. Miss JOHNSTONE is a lively *Corinthian Kate;* Mr. KEELEY'S *Jerry* is excellent; and, certainly, the best performance in the piece, is *Dusty Bob*, by Mr. WALBOURN. There is a vein of natural rich comic humour which pervades his acting: he looks, he talks, and walks the character, and is, moreover, free from the common vice of all such characters—exaggeration. There is a new feature in the performances this season which must continue to be attractive: it is a grand pony race. A circuit is made from the very extremity of the stage, and all round the outer side of the pit, round which the racers drive at full speed, to the great admiration of the spectators. The whole concluded with a comic pantomime, called "*Harlequin's Ancestors*," not remarkable for any novelty calling for particular remark.

The house was exceedingly crowded, and the audience seemed quite gratified with the entertainments.

ROYALTY THEATRE.

April 8th.—AN ARAB'S FAITH; OR, *The Seven Towers of Jaba.* Among the whole host of daily, weekly, and monthly critics, we have every reason to consider ourselves as the only ones who condescend to notice the remarkable events of this place of amusement in our dramatic annals. The chief reasons, perhaps, of our thus standing solus, may be attributed to the remote part of the town in which the theatre stands—the fear of the company which may be met with *off* the stage, and the doubtfulness of receiving enter-

tainment from the company on. These preventatives have doubtless hitherto deprived our brethren of the enjoyment of a great portion of mirth, and which we can assure them the performances at this house are well calculated to create. We found such a glorious fund for laughter in witnessing the representation of "*Zangarotti*," that we did not hesitate a moment in undergoing the purgatory of a "*confound of villainous smells*," in the hopes of a similar enjoyment from the "*Seven Towers of Jabe*"—but we were woefully disappointed. The house on our *first* visit, (as we then remarked) was crammed to excess. On our *second*, the rage had considerably declined; and at our *third* (and we trust our last) survey, we found ourselves comfortably seated in the pit, with five or six jolly sons of Neptune and their lasses—two or three literary butchers of Whitechapel—and about a dozen of Jews and Jewesses for company—while in the immense gallery, the first row only was filled, apparently with a few "*Dusty bobs*"—"*clergymen*"—"*swells*"—and "*duffers*"—"*doing the thing genteely*."(1) To the "*select few*" we have here described, did we behold poor HUNTLEY wasting his breath as upon "*the desert air*." To this "*elegant assemblage of rank, beauty, and fashion*," did GOMERSALL and KEMBLE pour forth "*tremendous utterings*," with as little impression as a prisoner would do to the walls of his cell, whilst DAVIDGE, SLOMAN, and HARWOOD made fools of themselves, and grinned heartily, without once exciting a corresponding feeling. Indeed, the actors felt the "state of affairs," and were chilled by the unfavourable aspect. HUNTLEY was completely out of his element; never on any stage, have we seen him act so badly—a gleam of spirit and feeling would now and then glance from him, but its brightness was deadened, 'ere it crossed the foot lights, and faded away into "*thin air*," before it reached the seat on which we had placed ourselves. It has been our usual custom to sketch slightly the plots of all new pieces;—but we here decline the task, for to use a humble phraze, we could not make "top nor tail" of it. The scenery appeared in rapid succession, without any regard to the routine, as stated in the

(1) The phraseology of the *elegant* PIERCE EGAN.

bills, and the incidents seemed to have no connection with each other, for what the "*Seven Towers*" had to do with the piece at all, we defy even old Nick himself to explain. We really felt so completely miserable, that it was only by a tremendous violation of our feelings, that we gained sufficient courage to stay the opening of the pantomime, "*Harlequin Sinbad.*" This we found so superlatively stupid, that we were completely disgusted, and at last started up, bounced out of the house, and vowed most devoutly never again to be "deluded away" within its precincts. Mr. GLOSSOP, we understand, is no longer proprietor—we are glad to hear it for his own sake. The theatre has always been a rock on which many a dramatic adventurer has foundered. We think Mr. PALMER was ruined by it, and poor RAE never recovered the difficulties it threw him into.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

This interesting little theatre closed on Saturday, March 30th, for the season, with a series of entertainments, for the benefit of Mr. SPRING. The audience was numerous and fashionable. The following appropriate Address was spoken by Mr. POWER:—

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—It has long been the custom, previous to the curtain's finally closing on the season, to address a few words to the friends who assemble to bid us farewell. 'Tis a painful, yet pleasing task—painful, from being a leave-taking of kind friends—pleasing, because I am enabled to express gratitude for favours past, and have to hope this separation is not a final one. In speaking of our season, I have only to regret it has of necessity been so short-lived. In the name of the Proprietor, I have to return you thanks, for the liberality with which you have deigned him support. The theatre was taken by him immediately after a premature and discreditable closure; the discourages were many, but the advantages were numerous—much talent was available from the theatre closing so unexpectedly, and he felt strong in a wish to please, and a determination to be industrious. The result has been successful beyond his most sanguine hopes, and is another

proof added to the many, how little he has to fear success who advances any thing like a genuine claim to the liberality of a British public. In the name of each of my brother actors, who have taken benefits, I have also the pleasing task of returning thanks, and to assure their friends, they have in every instance been as beneficial as could be desired; as every individual is served, when the general cause is supported, I feel my own personal thanks are also due; accept them, I beg, and with them my heartfelt prayers for your happiness, and my sincere wishes that we may meet again—be that as it may, I hope to whomever the lot may fall of bidding welcome at the next meeting here, he may give this greeting to as numerous and as elegant an audience as that to which I now bid farewell.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

This theatre closed for the season with its favourite permance of "*Tom and Jerry*," on Saturday, March 30th. The house was crowded to excess. The following Address was spoken by Mr. WRENCH, in the character of *Tom*:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—The termination of the present season suspending, for some time, those *larks* and rambles you have nightly honoured us by attending, allow me, in the names of *Jerry*, *Logic*, and myself, to thank you for a patronage as unexampled as it has been gratifying. From the moment our curtain was *up*, to show you our "*Life in London*," to this evening, when we unwillingly let it *down* for some months, and become FLY to other scenes, a period of nearly 100 successive nights, overflowing audiences, comprising a galaxy of the brightest stars of the West, and a *maximum* of the primest natives of the East, have delighted to witness our *sprees*, and encourage our endeavours—an instance of complete and continued favour unexampled in the sporting annals of the drama! In expressing our acknowledgment for such distinguished and unparalleled success, I, as well as *Jerry*, am at *fault*! The still small voice of gratitude that speaks within, could it be heard in the wide round of a theatre, would satisfy our friends and patrons that we feel as we ought, though we

cannot express what we feel. To meet the wishes of that vast multitude of country friends and town acquaintance, who have hitherto been unable to procure admission to us, every effort has been made to remain *at home* a few weeks longer, unsuccessfully: we have only therefore to assure them, and you, that during the ensuing vacation, we shall be actively *awake* to all that is going on, which may either *amuse or instruct you*, and present to you our "*Life in London*" once more, with such improvements and additions as may in some degree, deserve your unexampled encouragement. We shall, in addition, be actively employed in preparing a novelty in life that for variety, extent, splendour, and accuracy, we boldly pledge ourselves shall never have been excelled.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—To depart for a moment from that character, in which I have joyed to appear before you, allow me most sincerely to say, that the Proprietors, the Performers, and indeed every person connected with this establishment, join with me in those feelings of thankfulness and esteem I have so imperfectly attempted to express, for the brilliant and lasting duration you have given to our "*Life in London.*"

DRAMATIC ORACLE, *Continued.*

We are sorry to delay the Letter, of our friend, from Newcastle, but from the late period of the month at which we received it (the 24th) we are necessitated so to do. It shall appear in No. 15. Will he tell us his reasons for "*wonder?*"—The *Maniac*, by G. DE WILDE.—*On a passage in Othello, and Receipt for a modern Comedy*, PHILO KEAN.—*Tragedy and Comedy*, JUVENIS.—A CIT.—J. L. B. —and M. M. will appear.—SQUINTUS, who is either a *knave* or *fool*, has taken a *squint* in the wrong place—he should have looked with *both* his eyes when he made the assertion. His note has been committed to the flames. Is he acquainted with *Newgate* street?—All poetical pieces must stand over for the present.—In compliance with the request of our numerous readers, No. 15, will be published on WEDNESDAY, the 15th of MAY, and the Supplement to the Vol. (as usual) on the 1st of June.

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MR. FITZWILLIAM
AS
O'ROURKE O'DAISY.

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